13

THE COUNTERPART TO THE STATE-DUNCES.

BY A

Native of *NEW-YORK.*

LONDON:

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb* on *Ludgate-Hill*,
M.DCC.XXXIII.

(Price Sixpence.)

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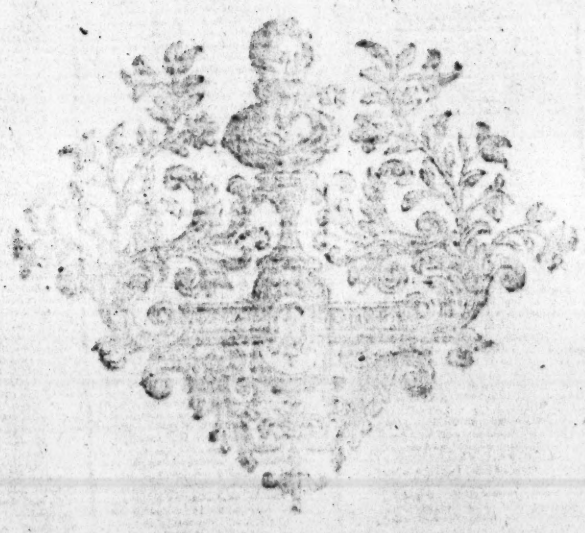

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WHILE disappointed *Caleb* swells with Rage,
And keen Invectives fill his weekly Page;
Annals are ransack'd, and the wicked Great,
Are brought to propagate a *Danvers* Hate,
Comparisons unjust, as odious, made,
And e'ry Art's employ'd that may degrade;

For

Walpole,

Walpole, a Muſe by Gratitude inſpir'd,
With Juſtice arm'd, by juſt Reſentment fir'd;

For Thee, lov'd Patriote, prunes her tender Wing,
And Bleſſings, which ſhe ſhares, will grateful Sing:
An humble Muſe, in foreign Climes brought forth,
Thy Virtue knows, and dares proclaim thy Worth.
Our diſtant Shores are not unknown to Fame:
But where's the Region Stranger to thy Name?

Cou'd I oh *Danvers!* with thy Spirit write,
Or Virtue charm Thee, and the Truth delight;
Walpole might then, accept the offer'd Praiſe,
And live immortal in the deathleſs Laies.

Caleb, by all thy Wit and Art's confeſs'd;
E'en Vice looks beautiful, by Thee when dreſs'd,
And we grow fond, of what we ſhou'd deteſt.
Thy matchleſs Talents and thy nervous Senſe,
But ſtronger prove the *Patriotes* Innocence;

For

For ſhou'd thy Skill the conſcious Great aſſail,
No Subterfuge, no Art could ſuch avail;
But here, Almighty Truth will ſtill prevail.

Danvers, thy Name includes a pow'rful Band,
Wit, Learning, Envy, there go Hand in Hand:
There lively *B-----ke* genteel, ſevere,
Whoſe Senſe is Sterling, and whoſe Diction's clear,
Hopes by his Satyr to redeem his Poſt,
And gain by Wit, what Treachery has loſt.

There *B----l* poyſon ſpreads, but Cloak's his Rage,
And Ape's the *Stoick* thro' the labour'd Page;
Tho' calm and ſmooth th'envenom'd Periods glide,
His Warmth diſcovers what his Art wou'd hide:
This little Champion for *Britania*'s Cauſe,
Whoſe Quill protects our Liberties and Laws,
Who once ruled Modes with ſpectatorial Air,
And wrote Inſtructions to improve the Fair;

Now undertakes to criticiſe the Great,
And dubs himſelf the Cenſor of the State.
Wou'd'ſt thou be ſtill careſs'd, ſtill entertain,
Miſtaken Bard, reſume thy pleaſing Vein;
Thro' e'ry Maze, the fond Coquet purſue,
Lay all her Foibles open to her View;
Make her deſiſt from each affected Grace,
And reſt contented with her nat'ral Face.
Let Dreſs of Beaux employ thy utmoſt Care,
Check monſtrous Faſhions, laſh the Solitaire;
Let growing Follies rouſe Thee to the War.
Nature has trac'd Thee out this Path to fame,
And *B----l*'s thus may match his Kinſman's Name.
But hold; ſhou'd I each Character purſue,
And name each Hero in this hoſtile Crew
Whoſe ſingle Force the Guilty might alarm,
Whoſe Views are dang'rous, while their Reas'nings charm;
Tho' ſmooth my Lines as *W---d*'s Verſe ſhou'd flow,
With all his Art I ſhou'd too tedious grow.

Let me, howe'er, adviſe this tuneful Youth,
Whom Party Rage engages againſt Truth.

Deſiſt, bright Genius, from th'unequal War,
And quit *Parnaſſus* for the gainful Bar;
There, Falſhood dreſs'd with Wit and Eloquence,
Will raiſe thy Fame and meet with Recompence:
Read o'er old *Coke*, and dwell on thy Reports,
Nor more Attempt the Characters of Courts.
The ſteady Patriote like a Rock which braves,
The Fury of the Storm, and threat'ning Waves,
Unſhaken ſtands againſt united Force;
And like a skillful Pilot ſhapes his Courſe.
The watchful Guardian of *Britania*'s State,
Eludes their Schemes, compaſſionates their Hate!

Leave thou State Wrangles to experienc'd Age,
Let *Sh-——n*, *P-——y*, *W——m*, mount the Stage,
Theſe have Invention equal to their Rage:

Theſe, have perplexing Arts, grown old and ſow'r,
In a long tedious vain Purſuit of Pow'r.
But if thou art determin'd to write on,
And pleas'd to be harmonioufly undone;
Art fonder of a Poet's empty Fame,
Than with *Lycurgus*, to enrol thy Name;
Doſt rather chooſe to be a *Pope* than * *King*,
Join Truth to Art; to both good Nature bring:
Hadſt thou done this, thou hadſt revered the Lawn;
And *Walpole*, as a faithful Patriote drawn.
Hadſt trac'd his Actions, and from them hadſt ſhewn,
His Zeal for *Britain*'s Sons, and for her Throne;
Spoke Him humane, diſintereſted, juſt,
True to his Country, faithful to his Truſt:
Ready to hear, as ready to relieve,
Firm to our Rights, and the Prerogative:
Hadſt ſung a Stateſman, who has never ſwerv'd,
Refuſing Honours, offer'd, and deſerv'd.

* Lord Chancellor.

Open,

Open, unbiaſs'd, eloquent, ſincere,
His Hands unſullied, and his Conſcience clear.
Such *Walpole* is, and ſuch thy Song had been,
Had not thy Wit been over-rul'd by Spleen.
What pity *W----d* Envy ſhou'd abuſe,
So young, ſo moving, and ſo ſweet a Muſe;
That ſhe who warbles with enchanting Grace,
Shou'd fright th'enraptur'd with a Satyr's Face!

What ſpecious Tale has wrought upon thy Youth,
To deviate thus and War upon the Truth;
What cunning *Wou'd-be* who thy Talent knows,
Cou'd baſely on thy open Heart impoſe,
And warm Thee with imaginary Woes?

P---y, in Hiſtory well vers'd acts o'er,
The Parts of rebel Lords in Days of Yore:
**Fitzwalter*, *P----y*, lives again in Thee,
But in a *Walpole*, we a † *Pembroke* ſee.

* Chief of the Conſpirators in the Reign of King *John*.
† See the Hiſtory of King *John* and *Henry* the Third.

The *Junto* who with rebel Barons vie,
To ſervile Arts and baſe Detraction fly;
If theſe all fail, to ſooth invet'rate Hate
Like thoſe of Old, they'll over-turn the State:
But vain thoſe Hopes, while ſuch the Throne ſurround
As *W---ds* Numbers have been taught to wound.
Thy Youth and Muſick for thy Fault atone,
The Theme's not thine, thy Verſe e'en *Pope* might own.
In vain on Innocence their Rage does fall,
Thy Satyr pity moves, but cannot gall:
If leiſure Hours permit Thee to be read,
Thoſe thou wou'd'ſt wound, will grieve, thou art miſled.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1 56 MAY

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